

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

EFFECTIVE REPROOFS.

Payson Tucker Had a Quick Eye and Pointed Methods.

Two incidents in the railroad life of Payson Tucker are told that well illustrate what a worker he was and his attention to the details of business.

Several years ago he was up on the mountain division of the Maine Central road and looked over the grounds of one of the stations. Nothing more than the usual conversation passed, and he returned to his car and went back to Portland. Nearly a year passed before he had occasion to call at the station again, and then he stepped off the car and asked pleasantly:

"Do you have all the help you want here?"

"Yes, sir; all that we need."

"Quite sure you have enough?"

"Yes, sir. There is not much to be done at so small a station."

"Well, I feared you were rushed to death and could not find time to remove the old bridges I saw."

With that the general manager of the road stooped over the pile of bricks and, without removing his kid gloves, continued the work until the last one was neatly piled up.

At another time a break had been made at one of the stations on the back road, and the next day after the notice of the break had been wired to Portland Mr. Tucker chanced to pass that way. After looking things over, Mr. Tucker asked what had been lost, and the agent quickly ran over the amount of money and tickets stolen.

"That all?" asked Mr. Tucker, when the agent had concluded.

"Yes, sir; nothing else."

"That so?" said Mr. Tucker, taking in the untidy appearance of the room and station at a glance. "I feared some one had stolen your broom. Perhaps you have not missed it. I will send you one."—Presque Isle (Me.) Star-Herald.

Believes men who lack the vim, snap and vigor they once had, should use HERBINE. It will purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the system.

Let us be wiser.
Light, air and sunlight are important factors in keeping the family and the house in a healthy condition. Nothing could be worse than the habit some people have of keeping the house in darkness from early morning until night. The house should be flooded with light and air for several hours each day.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Bilelessness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration, Heart Failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Foresee by—A. R. FISHER.

Why It Needed Revision.

"To whom do you intend to give the villain's part?" asked the dramatist.

"Walker, of course," answered the manager.

"What! That stick!" exclaimed the dramatist.

"He's the only one available," explained the manager.

"Then give me back my play," said the dramatist.

"Surely, you don't intend to withdraw it," protested the manager.

"Oh, no," answered the dramatist.

"I only want to revise it. The villain isn't killed off until the last act as it stands now, you know."—Chicago Post.

How Is The Ticket?

Does it suit you? Well, we are not all alike, you know, in this world, and it is hard to please everyone, but the favor is unanimously for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin as it is guaranteed to cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache and Stomach Trouble. Sold by Short & Haynes.

WILD BEASTS IN BATTLE.

Two Panthers and a Sea Lion In a Fight to the Death.

Among all fights of wild beasts perhaps the most terrible are those in which the combatants belong to different elements. The struggle then seems peculiarly wanton and unnatural. Not long ago two men on a small island off the California coast declare that they witnessed such a battle. The men were amusing themselves watching the antics of a number of sea lions on a reef when all at once the creatures began to bellow in alarm and dived into the water. One huge fellow alone stood his ground and moved his head slowly as if watching.

A moment later the men saw creeping from the shadow of a rock two large panthers, which had evidently swum over from the mainland in search of prey.

Simultaneously the panthers leaped upon their enemy and a terrible combat ensued. For nearly 30 minutes it went on, till the reef was skirted with crimson foam.

Twice the lion struck a panther squarely with his flipper and knocked him a dozen feet away. But the great cats kept to their work, and finally one of them buried his teeth in a flipper of the sea lion, and tore it off with a single savage tug.

Bellowing hoarsely with pain and anger, the wounded bull caught the panther's throat between its jaws and dragged him into the water, but the big brute was weak from loss of blood. The panther escaped, and, with its mate, swam off for the mainland across the narrow channel, while the sea lion struggled out toward the ocean to die.

The men went down to examine the field of battle. A hole deep enough to bury a horse had been dug in the soft mud, while the shore was stained blood red.—San Francisco Call.

Does It Pay To Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Bochee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germs disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. For sale by—A. R. FISHER.

Dr. Clarke's Wise Dog.

The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke used to tell this amusing story of his dog:

"At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he would be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there it was contrary to my wishes. So whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog and would look me right in the face without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct in the most impudent manner, the reason evidently being that he knew he was doing what was wrong and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relished a little on my nearness to his manuever."—Outlook.

THE SOLDIER'S PAROLE.

What Is Meant by It and How It Is Arranged.

Parole, it must be understood, is a purely voluntary compact. The captor is not obliged to offer to parole his prisoner, and the prisoner is not obliged and cannot be compelled to give his parole.

If he does so, he will probably be released on pledging his word not to serve during the existing war. If he refuses, he will remain captive until the war is over or until he can make his escape.

The usual parole pledge extends only to active service against the enemy. A prisoner released on parole is not breaking his contract if he drills, recruits, quells civil commotions or fights other enemies.

A soldier taken prisoner has no authority to pledge himself never to serve against a particular enemy. He cannot throw off thus lightly the duty he owes his sovereign or country, and if he makes any pledge it must be confined to a limited time.

Moreover, if a prisoner should make a pledge not approved by his own government he is bound to return and surrender himself to the enemy.

In the British army a soldier can only give his parole through a commissioned officer. Even a noncommissioned officer or an officer of inferior rank cannot give parole either for himself or for his men without permission from his commanding officer.

The United States authorities, by the way, give greater liberty of parole than is the case with the British army.

A captured prisoner who has violated his parole may be punished with death.—Pearson's Weekly.

A household necessity is just what Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain is to those who know of its wonderful merits for Colic, Cholera, Diarrhoea and Flux. It does not tie up or clog the bowels, but destroys the germs of the diseases and aids nature in restoring health.

FORGET BUSINESS AT NIGHT

That Is the Only Way to Be Sure of Doing Your Best Work.

"Every business man of common sense knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations during the day, so that his business associates or thoughts of it or them cannot get at him, the healthier he is, the wiser he leads—in short, the better off he is in every respect and the abler for the duties of the morning," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recuperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of the range of its lights. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city and in the morning has looked out on the gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing and blood quickening experience of opening the shutters of his chamber window upon a landscape of space and sunshine? And, what is far worse, what do his wife and children know of such a blessing?"

"Yet he deludes himself into the belief that he must live in the city, so as to be 'in touch with things.' If you ask him what those 'things' are, you invariably discover that they are of a business nature, either strictly business or some social convention which he feels has a bearing on his business. But it is always business, business! Now, a man living under this pressure rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. But he cannot be giving out the best because he does not allow the best to get within him."

We have a good sale on Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin because we guarantee it and refund your money if it does not do just as we represent it. Call for a booklet that tells you all about it, at Short & Haynes.

BALD SPOTS

Without help, a bald spot never grows smaller. It keeps spreading, until at last your friends say, "How bald he is getting."

Not easy to cure an old baldness, but easy to stop the first thinning, easy to check the first falling out. Used in time, baldness is made impossible with—

AXEL'S Hair Vigor

It stops falling, promotes growth, and takes out all dandruff. It always restores color to faded or gray hair, all the dark, rich color of early life. You may depend upon it every time. It brings health to the hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All Druggists.

"I have used your Hair Vigor and am greatly pleased with it. I have only used one bottle of it, and yet my hair has stopped falling out and has started to grow again nicely."

JULIUS WITT,
March 28, 1899, Canova, S. Dak.

Write the Doctor.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor who has prescribed it.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Sun Storms.

The connection between the aurora, sun spots and magnetic disturbances has never been explained, but many observations have shown that it definitely exists. The outbreak of a cyclonic storm on the sun with the formation of spots is immediately registered in every magnetic observatory on the earth. Sometimes the disturbance of terrestrial conditions is very marked.

For example, on Feb. 13, 1892, a great spot, accompanied by enormous cyclonic disturbances, burst forth on the sun's surface. That night a magnificent aurora was visible all over the northern half of the United States and in many parts of Europe. Telegraphing was carried on between New York and Albany without batteries, so strong were the earth currents. The telegraph system of Sweden was completely paralyzed, and in Russia much difficulty was experienced with the telegraph lines. At the Kew observatory in England the magnetic needle swung two degrees out of its normal position.

All this has furnished physicists and astronomers a fruitful field for study, and a vast mass of observations has been accumulated, but so far no satisfactory explanation of the mysterious bond of sympathy between solar and terrestrial influences has been forthcoming, nor does any one yet know the true nature of the aurora.

She Liked Variety.

She is a very nice little girl, and yet she has an imagination so vivid that people can't help wondering once in awhile what is going to become of it. The little girl can and does tell the most marvelous tales, and when she is reproved she is entirely complacent and cannot see that her effective inventions are anything more than jokes. One of these she told to an interested neighbor, at whose house she called frequently.

"How is your mamma, dear?" asked the neighbor one morning when the little girl made her appearance.

"She is very sick," answered the little girl earnestly. "Nelly (her sister) and I were up with her all night. We called the doctor." But when the kind neighbor went in haste to see her sick friend she found her in every respect as well as ever.

"Why did you tell him Mrs. Blank such a story about me?" asked mamma seriously of her little girl at the first opportunity.

"Well, mamma," said the little girl, with a toss of her curls, "Mrs. Blank asks me every single morning how you are, and I get tired of telling her that you are very well."—New York Times.

KOMO, IND., Aug. 10, 1899.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.,
Dear Sir:—For the past 10 years I was troubled with my stomach. About 4 years ago was taken down with rheumatism; was not able to do a day's work for 4 years. All medicine seemed of no benefit to me. A year ago I was advised to take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I truly believe I would have died but for this medicine. My rheumatism is entirely gone and my stomach is in good condition. It has saved my life and I cannot recommend it too highly.

Yours respectfully,

ELWOOD McCRACKEN.

Sold by Short & Haynes.

The Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company have completed their lines to Harpsed.

Dr. J. T. Owen was in Hawesville one day last week.

Odd Burials.
Not long ago there died in a north London suburb a lady who wished to be buried in the bedstead in which she had lain continuously for nearly a quarter of a century prior to her decease, and to insure, as she thought, her wishes being respected she left a plump contingent legacy to a relative. As the bedstead in question, however, was of the old "four post" variety, and an unusually massive specimen at that, the cemetery authorities objected. Eventually a compromise was effected. The bedstead was taken to pieces, and from the timber so obtained a sort of box coffin was constructed for the reception of the remains.

It is, however, among the mining population that instances of funeral eccentricity are most common. Jack Hustler, a coal heaver of Tong, near Leeds, who died the other day at the age of 67, was buried in a coffin constructed to his own specification 20 years ago. It was made of pitch pine, with silver handles, and the lid was hinged at one end. The deceased was buried with a lump of coal which he had carefully preserved for years. It served as his pillow, and his tobacco and pipe also found a place beside him. This latter custom is said to be very prevalent among the coal miners. The tin miners of Cornwall almost invariably include an umbrella among the coffin "furniture."

It would be interesting to learn the origin and significance of this strange use.—London Express.

Didn't Get His Money's Worth.

He came into the police office, his hands clinched, his jaws knotted and his eyebrows swooping downward toward the bridge of his nose.

"Say!" he bawled in resonant tones.

"Well?" said the captain.

"How much do you charge in a case of assault and battery?"

"Ten dollars."

"You can lick the stuffings out of a man for that, can't you?"

"Possibly."

"Can a fellow pay his fine in advance?"

"Sure."

The visitor laid two fives on the desk.

"I'm going to lick a man bad, and I don't want any interference of the police while I do it." And he stalked out, muttering.

Half an hour afterward a man came in. Both his eyes were puffed and green, his nose sagged, his clothing looked like Chillys Chillonides' before he acquired Nero's favor.

"Say," he said gently, "do you recognize me?"

"Can't say as I do."

"I'm the man who came in here half an hour ago and paid a fine in advance."

"Oh! Well, what do you want now?"

"Would you mind giving me \$9.95 back?"—Atlanta Journal.

Income of a Sleeping Car.

The income or earning capacity of a sleeping car is considerable. Take the run from New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles. Every road in the United States pays 3 cents a mile for the privilege of hauling a sleeper and contracts to return said car in as good shape as it is received and to pay for all damages. The journey on the limited expresses to Chicago is made in 24 hours; therefore the car earns \$30 a day for travel. If it is full, which is generally the case, receipts from berths, sections and staterooms amount to \$185, making a total revenue of \$215 a day. Out of this must come the wages of the porter and conductor—the latter, however, usually having charge of several cars—the towels, sheets, soap, ice, etc., the whole amounting to but a small sum.

Then there are the wear and tear and general depreciation, the daily cleaning, the annual refitting and repainting. Set these charges down at 10 per cent and give the car three trips a week of 1,000 miles each, and we have its earnings at over \$600 annually. Some can earn a great deal more.—Kansas City Journal.

Passing of the Old Maid.

The old maid of the past—sour, scandal loving, sharp of temper and of features—is now almost an unknown quantity. The unmarried woman of today who has passed her twenties is cheery, active, busy and useful. Generally she is in business or has some special art, profession or accomplishment to which she devotes herself. Anyway she is not idle. She finds many things to employ her hands and brains. She has little time for gossip and less inclination. Culture and occupation have broadened her nature and given her charity and wisdom.—Mrs. Mary E. Bryan in Macon Telegraph.

Snake Burglar Alarm.

One of our correspondents tells a story of a tame snake that was so intelligent that one night, while it was roaming about the house of its owner, it caught a burglar in the dining room. The snake coiled itself around the legs of the burglar and with its tail reached a bell on the dining room table and, ringing it vigorously, alarmed the household, resulting in the capture of the burglar.—Bradford Star.

All Gone Save Experience.

Clevertown—Now that you have succeeded in getting on such intimate terms with New York's most exclusive literary set and meeting so many distinguished men I don't see what you want to quit for.

Dashaway—The fact is I haven't a cent left.—Smart Set.

Aspiration and Realization.

Hills (at the depot)—Going away, Mills?

Mills—Yes; going to seek my fortune. Want to go along?

Hills—No; I've just returned from seeking mine. By the way, could you loan me \$1 till you get back?—Chicago News.

SAVE YOUR HAIR

With Shampoos of



And light dressings of Cuticura, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all else fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor.

Cuticura

The Set \$1.25

THE DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

How to Have Genius Rewarded.

The artist was bewailing his luck.

"My paintings are gems," he said.

"Even the critics admit that, but I can't get any prices for them."

"Of course not," returned the man of business. "You see, the trouble with you is that you are alive, and genius is rewarded only after death. Now, if you could arrange to die?"

"But how could I profit by that?" demanded the artist.

"Let me finish," said the man of business. "If you could arrange to die temporarily, your fortune would be made. Just make me the executor of your estate, drop out of sight for awhile and you will have both fame and money. The trouble with you artists is that you have no head for business. Now the moment you are gone you will be written up and lauded, and all the paths of your struggle for recognition will be brought out, and people will just fall over themselves to get your paintings. Just give me a chance to kill you off, and I'll have you rolling in wealth."—Chicago Post.

Settled the Trap.

A certain Glasgow lawyer was fond of setting traps for workmen who might happen to be working in or about his house by leaving money or some valuable article about. A workman, well aware of this fact, found a half crown lying on the floor of one of the rooms. He smiled as he said to himself, "I know what that's for," and, taking a brace and a bit from his bag, he drilled a hole in the coin, and, putting a large screw nail through it, he fastened it securely to the floor. The lawyer has not set any traps since.—London Telegraph.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are famous little pills for liver and bowel trouble. Never gripe.—A. R. Fisher.

He went.

He—Half past 11! Isn't that clock fast?

She—I think not.

He—Well, I guess my watch is like myself. It is slow.

She—But it is not exactly like you.

He—Indeed?

She—No. It goes.—Harlem Life.

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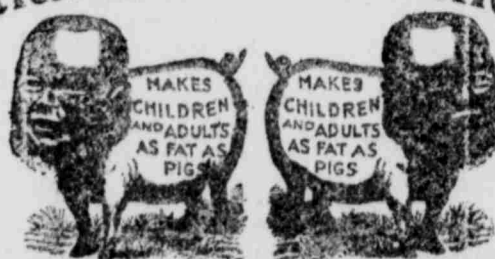
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For Malaria, Chills and Fever



THE BEST PRESCRIPTION IS

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The formula is plainly printed on every bottle—hence you know just what you are taking when you take Grove's. Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the **Original** and that all other so-called Tasteless Chill Tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial